THE New Republic

Civil Rights—
Purists and
Progress

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What Johnny Don't Know

Some Alarming Examples of Mistaken Identity

By ARTHUR NORMAN and LEWIS SAWIN

Khrushchev and Stalin . . . . . *Abraham Brumberg*

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The Sweet Smell of Success . . . . . *Janet Winn*

This Was the Fall of France . . . . . *J. A. Terraine*

ADLAI E. STEVENSON

On Gerald Johnson's "The Lunatic Fringe"

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

AUGUST 12, 1957

25 cents

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Washington Wire

Going Down

A FAIRLY COHERENT pattern has emerged since last fall's election; it has been the ebbing of Eisenhower's prestige and power, particularly in Congress. This column modestly thinks it has called the turn fairly accurately on this development. This has not been due to our prescience but to the fact that we are able to put into print what the bulk of Washington reporters were saying privately but couldn't print.

Once Eisenhower was triumphantly re-elected, the press had less reason to maintain the fictitious Madison Avenue image of him which this column never accepted. Although as a person Eisenhower is attractive, and would make a good constitutional monarch, as an executive he is a semi-invalid who doesn't want to be bothered. He is sensitive to personal attacks and is getting older. It is too bad, but there isn't much we can do about it.

The Unglucky Ambassador

WE HAVE NEVER seen Eisenhower angrier, for example, than when he got the inevitable press conference question on Gluck. Gluck has a chain of women's dress shops and a racing stable. So he is made ambassador to Ceylon. (He also gave $20,000-$30,000 to the GOP.) Rewarding fat cats with diplomatic posts is almost as old an American custom as selling peerages in Britain. The GOP hasn't sinned worse than the Democrats. A Senate Committee disclosed that the unglucky—pardon us—unfortunate Gluck knew nothing about Ceylon. What of it? He knew as much as other rich men who have bought ambassadorships. We suppose another President in like circumstances, Truman say, would have laughed off the question. Eisenhower blew his top. He could not admit the existence of a system which everyone knows exists. It was a personal affront. That was the difference. Eisenhower has brought unction to Government. It is a Billy Graham atmosphere on top while down below practical men dole out crumbs. It is, you see, a hard balance to preserve.

Well, that is Part One of the story. It is being suggested here that Hagerty is now trying to efface the impression of spongy and flaccid leadership by writing for his chief an extra-sharp denunciation of the civil rights compromise bill. Certainly this Eisenhower statement was the angriest comment about a Congressional vote in five years. Somehow it didn't seem quite in character; it was like some of the sharp things they used to make poor Anthony Eden say.

Nixon's Next Move

WE THINK Part Two of this drama has now begun. The two strongest men in the Cabinet are leaving (if you except Dulles), George Humphrey and Charlie Wilson. Big Business is unhappy. We suggest that you keep your eye on Vice-President Nixon. There are subtle signs that this extremely competent and ambitious young man is already beginning what should be an amusing comedy in the next three years, a gradual disassociation of himself from the President. Nixon has a big stake in Ike's prestige. To give him credit, he has been frantically trying to put starch into the Administration on the school and the civil rights bills. Nixon also wants to make another prestige-trip; he has been to Africa, Asia and Latin America; now he is saving himself for the fortunate British. The Queen is going to be over here this fall; who but Nixon should return her call later on?

We have never underrated Nixon. Make no doubt of it, he is one of the hardest-working, most astute men who have come to the Capital in a generation. One can imagine his agony as he sees the prestige of his patron threatened. Fortunately for him the President's popularity with the general public is not greatly disturbed as yet; it is the trend which is alarming. Nixon is now making little motions to intimates, shrugging his shoulders, dropping remarks about White House statements. We would guess that subtly and gradually you will see this Nixon disassociation maneuver unfold. It may not amount to much till some time after next year's election. Its progress then, we believe, will depend on Nixon's current estimate of the value of Ike's blessing in 1960. Long before then—if our own guess is right—Nixon will have the estate pretty well tied up.

Oil's Quota

EISENHOWER HAS CALLED for a voluntary reduction of oil imports in the interest of national defense under threat of slapping on quotas. To us this seems inconsistent with half a dozen professed Administration objectives. Eisenhower objects to government interference with business; this is interference. He attacks restrictions on international trade; this is such a restriction. He wants better relations abroad; this angers oil countries. He opposes inflation; this means higher gas and oil prices for you and me. He favors the step as a "defense" safeguard; this encourages the US to deplete an irreplaceable domestic resource instead of using other nations' first.

The oil industry has already got a 27.5 percent tax depletion allowance subsidy to encourage development. Now by this strange rationalization we are going to exploit our diminishing resources still faster in the interest of "defense"! Objecting to direct anti-inflation steps at his July 3 press conference, Eisenhower said, "I believe government control in time of peace means the beginning of the end." But this *is* such a control. The one thing the Administration doesn't say is that it is a step to boost profits for one section of the all-powerful oil industry. This Administration killed promising experimental oil-from-shale pilot plants shortly after taking office. Why? Interference with business!—they might have given the big companies some competition.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

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AUGUST 12, 1957

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VOL. 137, Nos. 7-8, ISSUES 2228-29

Purists and Progress

IT TOOK the US Senate nearly 90 years to approve a civil rights bill, and it took the American Civil Liberties Union several hours to decide (and so notify the press) that the bill was worse than nothing. To the ACLU, the Senate compromise did not go far enough, and who can dispute that. But the reason, surely, is that the country has not gone far enough. If it had, why would serious people now be debating so elementary a matter as protecting every citizen's right to vote? We don't regret the ACLU's having spoken: the words of the purists guard us against complacency. But we hope not too many Congressmen will join the ACLU in opposing progress in the name of principle.

It may be, of course, that the three-way hassle between the House, the Senate and the President on the exact terms of a civil rights bill will lead to an impasse and no legislation on civil rights this year. But at least let us now note that unprecedented progress has already been made. It has been made because early this year liberal Democrats saw that if any legislation were to come out of this Congress, the Administration must be permitted to take the lead—and perhaps even the credit. And because enough Republicans have seen that Republican political fortunes can be significantly affected by the Negro vote. After the 1944 election, Herbert Brownell, then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, concluded his analysis of his party's defeat by pointing out that a shift of 303,414 votes in 15 states outside of the South would have given Thomas E. Dewey an additional 175 electoral votes, eight more than he needed to be elected President. He observed that Negro districts of Detroit, Pittsburgh and New York had voted approximately 4-to-1 for Franklin Roosevelt; and that Negro voters in all the key states followed the same pattern.

In the intervening 12 years Attorney General Brownell and other Eisenhower Republican strategists have devoted considerable attention to changing that ratio. Last November they reaped their first harvest. Negro neighborhoods in every large city cast a majority vote for Eisenhower. And today big city Democrats admit that without the Negro vote they will no longer be the majority party.

This fact has been uppermost in the minds of Senators during the 4-week civil rights debate just ended. Some were genuinely troubled by the issues of judicial independence and the right of jury trial that were argued at such length. But for most Senators the debate turned on political consequences, not constitutional principles. An added complication was that so many leading candidates for Next-President-of-the-US were involved.

For Knowland and Nixon and for Northern Democrats with Presidential ambitions the choice was simple: the strongest proposal before them and no compromise. Sen. John Kennedy (Mass.), who had supported a bill without a jury trial amendment, finally voted for the amendment after

Correspondence

► *Tsuru & the Japanese Left*

SIRS:

DANIEL BELL'S letter in your issue of July 1, which links my name with that of Professor Tsuru, is inaccurate and misleading in several respects:

1. Tsuru's first name is Shigeto not Shigemetsu.

2. He was never a pupil of mine, though he was and remains a friend.

3. Tsuru held no important government posts during the war, in the economic ministry or elsewhere. At the end of the war, he was a drafted private in the Japanese army.

4. It is not true that "his first-hand contact with America and his discussions with colleagues at Harvard caused him to modify many of his views." It is true that his political ideas have undergone an evolution since the 1930s—whose have not?—but this process be-

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Southern leaders explained that they would not support a candidate at the next convention who had opposed assuring trial by a jury to any official indicted for interfering with the right to vote.

For Majority Leader Johnson the choice was more complicated. He understood, as other Southerners would not, the Democrats' need for a pro-civil rights record on which to run in 1958 and 1960.

This meant modifying the Administration's proposed civil rights law enough to ward off a Southern filibuster which he believed would not only further embarass his party but also kill the chance of getting any bill at all. He understood also that to be considered for President he needed to be associated with the majority of his party on civil rights, not with a die-hard Southern minority. His problem was to carve out a position which would be moderately acceptable to the pro-civil rights group and at the same time tenable for a Senator from Texas. This he did by calling on two of the New Deal's best draftsmen, Ben Cohen and Dean Acheson, for aid. Between them they produced three additions to the pending right-to-vote bill. The right to jury trial was guaranteed to please the Southerners—but to placate Northerners suspicious of Southern juries it was not required in cases of civil contempt (where the punishment is imposed to make the defendant obey a court order), but only in cases of criminal contempt (where punishment is for a past failure to comply). The right to jury trial was extended to *all* cases of *criminal* contempt—to please John L. Lewis and other labor leaders with unhappy memories of court injunctions, who, in turn, influenced their friends in the Senate. The right of Negroes to serve on all federal juries regardless of state requirements was included to satisfy those who objected to the jury trial amendment on that ground.

TOGETHER the revisions produced victory for Johnson and wide acclaim for his generalship. It also assured a step toward Negro voting in the South. But it created a new problem for the Administration.

The political point of guaranteeing the vote to Negroes in the one-party South is to win needed margins of Negro votes in the Northern cities.

What Republican leaders are trying to decide is: will those voters prefer a party which has refused to compromise with the South on enforcement of the 15th Amendment or one which has agreed to a compromise in order to make a beginning—*now?* Would it not be better politics for the Republicans, they ask themselves, to refuse to compromise, blame the Democrats for having mangled the Administration bill, and bring up the right to vote issue again in the 1958 campaign?

There are, as we have suggested, valid objections to the Senate's version of the bill. Requiring jury trials in criminal contempt cases does open the door for Southern voting officials to evade court orders. It would also create serious problems in enforcing the laws administered by 30 federal agencies because juries would be required to decide technical questions previously settled by a judge. But on the positive side, recalcitrant local officials could be ordered to permit Negroes to register and vote, and in perhaps 95 percent of the cases such orders could be enforced by federal judges under civil contempt procedures where jury trial is not required. In the opinion of Southern experts on voting practices the existence of the new powers conferred by the Senate bill would be enough to bring about a substantial increase in Negro voting in urban areas in the near future. More than likely it would make no great change in the rural South, but just how much change, only a trial would tell. A year or two of experience with this law would at least demonstrate what additional measures are required to produce general compliance with the 15th Amendment.

Soviet Stake in Germany

TWICE in the last two months the prospects of Germany's ever being reunified have suffered jarring checks. On June 18 Polish Prime Minister Gomulka paid his state visit to East Berlin. And on July 27 East Germany's Prime Minister Grotewohl produced his plan for a "German Confederation" of the two existing German states and their quite inimical administrations. The Gomulka visit was designed to show that the Soviet leaders intend to secure at least outward cooperation between the "best-behaved" satellite—East Germany—and the geographically and ideologically most awkward —Poland. The Grotewohl Confederation plan pointed a possible road to German unity which suited Khrushchev's infinitely patient and subtle policy in Central Europe.

These events have been sadly misunderstood in a West

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 NINETEENTH ST. N. W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.
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Published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) and copyrighted, 1957 in the USA by The New Republic, Inc., and distributed to newsstands by the Eastern News Company, N. Y. 14, N. Y. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-cass matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 25c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses.

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Germany utterly absorbed in its own affluent economic progress. The standard West German comment on the Polish visit was that Gomulka had spoken of his desire to have good relations with Bonn. This was allowed to obscure the unpleasant facts that Gomulka wants the Federal Republic out of NATO, that he backs the Soviet demand for East-West All-German trade talks and stoutly asserts the permanence of the Oder-Neisse Line as a "farthest-east" German frontier. The standard West German comment on the Grotewohl Plan was that it was a propaganda stunt to influence the September 15 Federal Election. Nothing could be farther from the bleak reality, which is that Grotewohl was announcing the Soviet intention of postponing German reunification, if need be for a very long time, while at the same time giving 17 million East Germans the illusion that the only constructive ideas on reunification come from the East.

It is immensely important from the Soviet point of view that a surrender of their present stake in Germany should be deferred. That stake is not as insignificant as propagandists of German reunification like to make out. East Germany is a reservoir of technical talent and scientific genius, a useful contributor to the Communist pool of machinery, refined steel and chemicals, and a vital source of uranium. This is why the Soviet Union granted it a 700 million ruble loan, promised a fair commercial price for its uranium, shipped Donetz coal to East Germany during the fuel crisis in the spring, and sponsored the East German-Polish trade agreement.

Apart from all this, East Germany is, for geographical reasons, a bastion of Soviet military power in Central Europe. Moreover, its existence suits both Poland and Czechoslovakia, neither of whom particularly wants again to see a powerful united Germany. The independent presence of East Germany has been a guarantee of the Oder-Neisse Line, whose importance lies less in having secured Pomerania and Silesia for Poland than in enabling Poland to be "pushed farther West," leaving Lemberg, the Pripet and Koenigsberg in Soviet hands.

The reunification issue is fast becoming a dogma—one which cannot be denied without scandal but need not be inwardly believed. To give reality to the dogma, the West German Social Democrats evolved their plan for a European security system and a militarily neutralized (and unified) Germany. So far the Soviet leaders have shown not the slightest interest in it. The Adenauer Government, for its part, reaffirmed its intention on July 29 of pursuing its "policy of strength." So far the Soviet Union has showed not the slightest sign of giving way to it. The Western powers have declared that a divided Germany is a threat to European peace and stability. But it has already been divided for more than 12 years!

All the signs are that a totalitarian East German regime is passing out of an era of recurrent crisis into one of uneasy stabilization within the Soviet orbit. Talk of famine and revolution in East Germany are as far removed from reality as talk of the growth of a crusading and idealistic spirit in the Federal Republic. The Gomulka visit, the Grotewohl Plan and the Berlin Declaration of the Western Powers have underlined this. The division of Germany is becoming more absolute, its reunification more remote.

Warning in Oman

A GREAT many people on both sides of the Atlantic who attacked Sir Anthony Eden's intervention at Port Said as a moral crime and a political catastrophe have accepted Prime Minister Macmillan's military intervention in Oman without a murmur. The *New Statesman* speaks in its July 27 lead editorial of "sterile controversies on the use of force." Our State Department quietly waits on the sidelines, hoping that the Royal Air Force will hurry up and restore order on the Persian Gulf before our friends the Saudi Arabians get around to asking us to help stop the British.

There is no doubt that Labour Party supporters who might otherwise have opposed the use of force against Arab tribesmen were won over to Macmillan's side by the private explanation that this was really a defense of British oil interests against American interlopers. The explanation is, of course, nonsense, for the Iran Petroleum Company which was given the right to explore Oman by the Sultan of Muscat has almost as large an American as British interest.

Nevertheless, although the Oman affair finds British parties surprisingly united it also reopens fundamental questions regarding Britain's position in the Persian gulf. Britain's treaties with the Arab sheiks there were made mainly in the 19th Century, to protect her sea route to India against piracy or intrigue by Germany and Russia. It is difficult to imagine the UN today upholding a treaty by which a small country renounces forever the right to make military agreements with any great power but Britain.

Moreover, the sheiks with whom Britain made the treaties were tribal rulers whose territory had no fixed boundaries—their effective control rarely spread far inland from the coastal settlements. Since the development of oil, land has become more important than people in the Middle East; an imaginary line in the

Summer Schedule

The final issue in the New Republic's bi-weekly summer schedule will appear August 26. Thereafter we will return to our regular weekly schedule.

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empty desert may make all the difference between luxury and starvation for a local chieftain. And the sort of tribal warfare which has gone on in the area since the days of the Old Testament may now determine the commercial future of companies in London or New York, and the political survival of governments in Baghdad or Cairo. Thus Britain finds herself committed by anachronistic treaties to forms of intervention which could prove at best embarrassing, at worst disastrous. At the same time, her stake in the stability of the area is infinitely greater than it was when the treaties were signed. The little island of Kuwait alone could if necessary meet the whole of Britain's national need for oil; already its oil revenues make the biggest single contribution to the dollar reserves of the sterling area and the investment funds of the London capital market.

The lesson is surely that Britain and the US must get together with their Arab allies to produce a new settlement in the Persian Gulf. Such a settlement must define frontiers and sovereignties precisely. It must also define for good the areas in which the various oil companies should operate and revise the conditions on which the Arab states grant their concessions. The Western powers and the oil-producing Arab states have an over-riding common interest to protect against both Soviet Russia and revolutionary pan-Arabism. Oman shows how urgent it is that they should express this common interest in common policies.

This Was the Fall of France

"WHAT WERE the French like?" I asked the man who was just back from Suez. "Red hot!" he replied, enthusiastically. "Red hot, old boy. Rarin' to go!" I thought of Dien Bien Phu, de Lattre's campaign in the Vosges, the Resistance, and all the slow painful stages by which, for 40 years, the French Army had been laboring back to the point of "rarin' to go." The last time this mood possessed it was in 1917, and the result of its efforts then was so frightful that the fall of France truly dates back to that year.

France has always been a country which coupled lofty military ambitions with an amazing capacity to absorb defeat. She retained a dominating position in Europe throughout the 18th Century in spite of a long series of lost battles and the decline of the Royal Army. At the end of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, with their immense drain on her economy and manpower, she should have been exhausted. By 1815 no less than 120,000 French *seamen* were prisoners-of-war in England: seamen—whose role had always been secondary. Her Army losses were, of course, immense, and it has been said that Napoleon's wars reduced the average height of the Frenchman by two inches. Yet, by the middle of the 19th Century, France was again posing as the leading military power of Europe—indeed of the world—and it required the salutary lesson of 1870 to demolish this pose. This defeat might have been expected to be decisive. But again the natural resilience of the French people, the intrinsic strength of her economy, and the fatal fascination of *La Gloire* restored her in under 50 years to the status of Germany's chief stumbling block in the struggle for European hegemony.

Recalling the disasters of the 19th Century, and with the hindsight of this century's two World Wars, it is astonishing to contemplate the mood of France in 1914. It was as if Waterloo and Sedan had never happened. As a psychological reaction against the misfortunes of the past, a furious, blind offensive spirit had been built up in the French Army. The doctrine was preached that French troops—cavalry in Napoleonic helmets, plumes and cuirasses, infantry in blue coats and scarlet trousers, artillery with their wonderful new gun, the '75—needed only to hurl themselves upon the foe, and hammer him with repeated straight blows, for victory to be assured. Hence the notorious Plan 17, with its entire concentration of five French armies on the German frontier for the offensive, ignoring the open flank of Belgium and all intelligence about the enemy's power and intentions. In retrospect, this philosophy of war, backed at the time by volumes of "scientific" reasoning by the French General Staff, full of selected quotations from Napoleon and Clausewitz, bears the stamp of pure hysteria. It represented a hope rather than a reality.

And the hope faded immediately. Against the German fortifications and machine-guns, the onslaught of the French masses crumbled into ruin, while the German right wing curved round behind them in the sinister sweep of the Schlieffen Plan. It is reckoned that the French Army lost 800,000 men in the five months fighting of 1914, and the bulk of these in the Battles of the Frontiers. It was amazing that the offensive spirit survived this disaster at all, but it did survive, until 1917, when at last it received the *coup-de-grâce* from which Suez was the first sign of recovery. All through 1915 and 1916 the French attacked, never successfully, always with high losses, but undaunted. Even after the slaughter of Verdun, they were able to chime in with the British Somme offensive to the tune of 195,000 casualties.

But by 1917 a certain desperation had crept in. Some other quality than imperturbability was required, for the army of 1917 was France's last army. Its ranks were filled by her last possible call upon the true military manpower of the nation, and already it was running low. France had to win with this army, or resign herself to a secondary role, which, after all her sacrifice, was unthinkable. As the hour of decision struck, it seemed to have brought with it the man: General Robert Georges Nivelle, whose counter-strokes in the closing stages of Verdun wore the appearance of Napoleonic grandeur. Joffre was shelved, and Nivelle was brought to the

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command of the French Armies on the Western Front with the special mission of ending the war quickly.

He was an extraordinary figure, Nivelle. Extremely distinguished and handsome, in his fifties, but full of energy, full of charm, speaking English perfectly because of his English mother, he was able to convince politicians on both sides of the Channel as no other leading soldier had done before. As he expounded his plan, his so simple, infallible plan, the idea of the one great devastating blow with every possible resource behind it, which would break the stalemate of the Western Front in 48 hours, or be called off—but which would not, he promised, have any connection whatever with Joffre's terrible battles of attrition—his hearers felt uplifted and inspired with new hope. Some, admittedly, were skeptical: those two dour British generals, Haig and Robertson, were never convinced. But the British Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, was more than convinced—he was converted. He liked Nivelle; he liked his confident talk; he even liked the shape of his head; and he disposed of Haig and Robertson by the extreme measure of putting the English Commander in Chief under the command of his French colleague for the duration of the great new battle.

For a few months Nivelle wielded a formal power on the Western Front that Joffre had never enjoyed—though never for an instant did he equal Joffre in personal authority. Both governments gave him their trust, the British were subordinated to him, his own generals supported him fully, and his plans were backed by an output of munitions and new technical devices undreamed of in 1914. To the slogan "One-and-a-half million Frenchmen cannot fail!" he began to build up his massive stroke. Such was his confidence that he made no attempt whatever at secrecy; he was wholly contemptuous of his enemy, scarcely bothering even to listen to his own Intelligence Department, let alone that of his Allies. Yet almost at once the Intelligence Services began to receive reports that threatened to undermine the very foundations of the great plan.

THE German withdrawal to the Hindenburg Line was one of the greatest deceptions in the history of war. It was an evacuation on a mass scale, carried out along a wide front, and designed to place the ruined battle areas of the Somme as an almost impenetrable barrier between the Germans and their attackers. Nivelle refused to believe in it to the last, but when it became a fact its immediate result was to rob him of half his front of attack. From this moment, as the hour approached, the nearer one came to the Front, the further from Nivelle's dedicated GHQ, the greater grew the misgivings. They swelled to a pitch that could not be ignored when officers who were also Deputies reported their grave fears to Ministers. Nivelle tried to brush them aside, but they persisted. Inquiries were held; his generals were consulted openly and behind his back; even the English were invited to disagree with him; reassurances were sought, disbelieved and sought again; confidence evaporated. Everything was done except the essential thing—that the government should dismiss the man it no longer trusted.

Naturally, the enemy, whom Nivelle had affected to ignore, had not been idle. Having nullified half his efforts by their withdrawal, they also built up against his main point of attack, the Chemin Des Dames Ridge along the River Aisne, a system of defense in depth with which the French were wholly unfamiliar. To crown it all, the weather of 1917 was a freak of horror, with snow and frost continuing right into April. The thousands of black troops who were to provide the main shock were frozen into a miserable inertia, and when the battle came, so pitiable was their condition that their white officers and NCOs had to load their rifles for them. They were seen, trudging forward with their hands in their pockets and their rifles tucked under their arms, almost helpless. An observer remarked: "It was astonishing how far some of them got before they were killed." And their story was only symptomatic. For when the battle was launched it was quickly seen that the French preparations had been largely ineffective against the new system. The French troops advanced into a maze of machine-gun and artillery traps, and the whole great project came to a bloody standstill. By the time Nivelle was able to break off the action, he had lost 115,000 men, with nothing to show for it—least of all the quick ending of the war.

THIS was the fall of France, for this was her last big offensive as a major military power. The shock of disappointment ran through the whole nation and Army, sweeping away Nivelle and producing a situation that has haunted France ever since. The Army itself fell into open mutiny. Thousands of men swarmed through the back areas, singing revolutionary songs and throwing away their weapons. They seized trains, lorries, even ambulances to carry them away from the front. Only two divisions on the whole Western Front were unaffected by the moral collapse. Even the lightest blow by the Germans would have destroyed this rabble of disillusioned men. But, by a miracle, the Germans never found out; what they did learn, they did not dare to believe. And France was given time to find a new general, and bring her Army back to order. The new general was Pétain.

The work he did in quelling the mutiny was brilliant. Out of the whole army there were less than one hundred arrests, and only twenty-three executions. By promising "No more offensives" Pétain slowly brought the troops back to their duty; but his own, as he saw it thenceforward, was to nurse the army and let his allies do the fighting. *"J'attends les américains et les tanks"* became his persistent theme; meanwhile the British must engage Germany's attention. With complete loyalty Haig accepted this: and that is the clue to the long drawn-out miseries the British Army endured at Passchendaele. In the following year, when the great victorious offensives came it was once again the British Army that played the leading role, with a new, lusty American Army lacing the French attack. At the Peace Conference and during the inter-war years, France strove by every means to disguise her decline, but the Maginot Line itself was a sufficient confession for any with ears to hear. When the final collapse came in 1940, it was only the delayed sequel of the collapse of 1917, and its mainspring was still the sense of loss and futility engendered by the great attacks of 1914, '15 and '16. What lends significance to the French performance at Suez is that it marks a revival of the offensive spirit that was squandered in those deadly battles. What lends significance to Algeria now, is the fear that it may be squandered again.

J. A. TERRAINE

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Noises of Silence in The "New Leader"

Hark Mother! What is that sound?

Only the wind in the trees, dear.

No, Mother, I hear it still, a low, sad murmur with every now and then a dreadful groan—what *is* it?

Nothing, dear. Only the Silent Generation assessing itself.

—*Old folk tale*

IN MARCH of this year, the *New Leader* magazine published an essay by Norman Podhoretz, called "The Young Generation of U. S. Intellectuals." Mr. Podhoretz defined this group as consisting of intellectuals between the ages of 21 and 31, and he pointed out that as yet "they have found no spokesman to voice their protests or to proclaim their aspiration; nor have they produced a *This Side of Paradise* or a *Farewell to Arms* . . . from which they could derive a sense of their own significance, of their peculiar mission in history." He finds these younger intellectuals content merely to strike "a perfect attitude of the civilized adult: poised, sober, judicious, prudent"; a state of affairs he is inclined to blame on the cold war and its concomitant "world of severely limited possibilities."

Mr. Podhoretz's essay provoked a lengthy discussion in the pages of the *New Leader*. The contributions to this series now stand at 17 and the end is not yet in sight. Almost every week another young intellectual steps up; presents his credentials, and plunges into the fray.* Already the series has stretched out to such length that the two ends are scarcely in communication. When Bernard E. Norwitch, at the outermost end of the series, borrows an idea from Norman Podhoretz at the innermost end, he gives credit to one of the writers who falls between. The idea, interestingly enough, is that:

> What holds us back—from enthusiasm, from action, from commitment—is . . . our fear of making a mistake.

Well, no doubt these gentlemen are right and every last member of my generation is afraid of making a mistake. Or, at any rate, *some* of us seem to fear . . . that is to say, evidence collected to date would seem to justify the inference that certain members of the younger generation are perhaps unduly overcautious.

Still, for people who live in terror of committing mistakes, the contributors to the *New Leader* symposium managed to make a pretty good showing, and with no visible reluctance either. For if it is impossible for each of two contradictory statements to be true, then at least half of these writers are necessarily mistaken. No two of them agree. Norman Podhoretz, for instance, maintains that the new style of the "mature" intellectual

> . . . was not very clearly defined, but there was no doubt that its shape and color had to express the conviction that a life dedicated to ideas and art was possible *within* "bourgeois" society.

If we agree with Mr. Podhoretz, what are we to say to Robert DeMaria? He maintains that if the young intellectual

> . . . clings to his principles and dreams, he finds himself daily more at odds with his society.

And then there is William Robert Yates, who brings up the question of conformity, and continues, with more earnestness than grammar, in this vein:

> Having used the word "conforming," let it for once be used with pride. Men conform when they are civilized, and it is time to recognize that ours is the most civilized young generation in recent American history.

And here is Bernard Norwitch on the same subject:

> I would suggest, in fact, that conformism among young people . . . was greater a generation ago than it is today.

Wallace Markfield, in his essay on today's young intellectuals, observes that:

> Meeting them across a restaurant table, one is conscious not of smugness, exactly, but a kind of restrained exaltation—as though they had discovered America for the first time.

But Richard Rose apparently dines at a different restaurant, for he declares flatly:

> Today's young generation feels it has been cheated.

Mr. Rose also finds himself at loggerheads with Mr. Norwitch, who says:

> Fascinated by the penitential ritual of the liberal imagination's pitiless examination of itself and its past, we have identified ourselves with a past and a guilt not our own.

Mr. Rose, on the other hand, maintains that:

> In sweeping the dirt of our individual guilt under the wall-to-wall carpeting of corporation values, the younger generation has once more gone whoring after false gods.

(I will undertake to explain to the older generation how we youngsters manage to sweep and whore at the same time, if someone else will grapple with the question of how Mr. Rose contrives to get that dirt under a wall-to-wall carpet.) Mr. Norwitch, already deeply embroiled

* It occurs to me that the reader might want to examine *my* credentials. They are 1.) a birth certificate dated 1932, and 2.) a B.A. degree. I am intensely proud of the latter, as it signifies that I have received the equivalent of a good high school education.

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with Mr. Rose, also finds himself contradicted by Robert DeMaria, who, you recall, is himself at odds with Mr. Podhoretz. Writes Mr. DeMaria:

> There are thousands [of intellectuals] struggling to survive in a world that not only does not understand what intellectuals are doing or thinking, but that does not even *want* to understand.

While in Mr. Norwitch's opinion:

> There was surely never a time in history when the intellectual was so sought after—when beneficent institutions, foundations, universities, and governments were so anxious to help him. . . .

And so it goes. Let one representative of the younger generation declare that we stand in need of a religious revival and another will promptly aver that what we *really* need is a return to that old-time atheism. Affirms a third: "We are all conformists." "We are *not* all conformists!" hotly denies a fourth, "we're just *mature*." "Yes, yes," agrees the chorus. "We all must admit that; we *are* mature." "But maturity makes us so *dull*!" laments a fifth. "We are *not* dull!" "We are so!" "We are NOT!" "So!" "Not!' 'So!" "Not!'

"Pssst!" comes a warning hiss from the back of the room. "Knock it off, here comes teacher." There is a general scramble for desks, a hurried straightening of collars, a sudden hush. All eyes are on the door, which slowly opens to admit Mr. Leslie Fiedler, who advances to the platform with measured tread, as befits a man of his years, and delivers "A Fortyish View" of the whole situation:

> Since what I wished for when I was younger was maturity and an end to innocence—in short, middle age itself—I thought I was playing it safe. . . . First violence and despair, the flirtation with failure and the commitment to revolution; then, all the savor of slow disenchantment, and only at long last the acceptance of responsibility and success.

The younger generation, however, was not obliged to go through this cumbersome process because, says Mr. Fiedler.

> . . . We ended their innocence before they possessed it; and they passed directly from grade school to middle age with a copy of *Partisan Review* or *Kenyon* as a passport, their only youth *our* youth, which is to say, the mythical youth of the Thirties.

Those of us who didn't have the price of a subscription to the quarterlies were, of course, turned back at the border of the eighth grade. But to continue with Mr. Fiedler.

> The young, who should be fatuously but profitably attacking us, instead discreetly expand, analyze and dissect us. How dull they are!

Thank you. But since I was never able to resist an honest appeal to my fatuity, let me put a few questions. First, why, if I may ask, do you seize every possible opportunity to maunder about the end of your innocence? Of what, precisely, are you guilty? Have you been stealing atom secrets? Believe me, sir, if your "commitment to revolution" involved you in nothing more serious than holding one end of a "Free Tom Mooney" banner at a "Friends of the Soviet" rally, you needn't give the matter another thought. You made a mistake, that's all. Forget it. There is no need to elect yourself tribal scapegoat and drive yourself, with whoops and plaintive cries, off into the desert.

If, on the other hand, by "an end to innocence" you mean only that you have achieved a blameless maturity, don't you think you might better have left it to others to publicize your virtues? To claim maturity for oneself seems somehow *pre*mature. Besides, you place yourself under an obligation to maintain your reputation—and a reputation is like the dope habit: in order to get any good out of it, you have to keep it up. What, then, are we to say to such lapses as the following:

> Indeed, I have the feeling sometimes that homosexuality is the purest and truest protest of the young, not an aberration merely or a disease, but a last politics. Implicit in its way of life is a rejection of the monogamous family and the PTA—the sole remaining protest, perhaps, in a world where adultery has come to seem old hat.

DON'T be silly. Who ever committed adultery to "protest" monogamy, and anyway how could he make his protest known to the PTA? And why is a protest, if valid, to be set aside simply because it is "old hat?" And why, finally, do you consider homosexuality the "purest" and most arresting protest against monogamy? Nobody cares a rap about fairies these days. Consequently, anyone *really* interested in protesting monogamy would be far better advised to practice polygyny, which, as occasional dispatches from Utah remind us, has lost none of its power to attract attention and outrage the moral disposition of the community.

And as for homosexuality as a "last politics," to say nothing of the "maturity" of protesting monogamy—but enough. Come sir, you are as innocent as an egg and you might as well own up. If I am to regard you and your contemporaries as having put an end to innocence, what, in Heaven's name, am I to make of a former college roommate of mine who is currently doing time in Sing Sing for murder? Let us leave professions of guilty knowledge to the really guilty, and give credit for maturity to the scant handful of people who have some hope of proving title.

In any case, all this prattle about "innocence," "guilt," and "maturity" that figures so prominently in Mr. Fiedler's writing and in the *New Leader* symposium

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only serves to obscure the present question: what is it, exactly, that distinguishes this generation from its immediate predecessors? The answer became increasingly clear as the series progressed—by example rather than demonstration—but it was Norman Podhoretz, in the first essay of all, who came closest to the truth:

> . . . the fact that its members have not developed a sufficiently strong feeling of identification with one another to emerge as a clearly delineated and self-conscious group only increases the suspicion that perhaps there is no such thing among us as "the younger generation"—perhaps there is only an assortment of discrete individuals with no collective identity. . . .

To put it another way: one thing that distinguishes this generation from its predecessors is the fact that no two of its members can agree even on the thing that distinguishes this generation from its predecessors. We are contemporaries only by accident of chronology, and I suspect that few of us share a sense of any "peculiar mission in history." The remarkable thing is not that we have no such mission, but that anyone can believe we ought to have it. Consider. Everyone talks about the generation of the Twenties and the generation of the Thirties, but who talks about the generation of the Tens? Did it "signify" anything? Did it have a peculiar mission in history? Or, to reach a little further back, who thinks of Alexander Pope as belonging to a generation in violent dissent from the generation of Swift? In spite of the twenty-year difference in their ages, we think of them as contemporaries. Yet when most of us come to consider ourselves, we demand an altogether new species of artist and intellectual every ten years.

The fact is that it takes a moral and historical crisis of a fairly special kind to "make" a generation, and one cannot expect history to provide an indefinite series of such crises for the benefit of little magazines. The present generation requires "explanation" only if it is contrasted to the generations of the Twenties and Thirties, and these, I submit, are no reliable indices to the normal or desirable. For the present generation to rally round its birth certificates and raise the banner of rebellion would make as little sense as would a rebellion by all holders of Social Security cards. The *sense* of membership simply is not there.

But even for those who insist on detecting all the cycles of Cathay in the events of their own lifetime, there is a certain appealing symmetry in the present situation. The generation of the Twenties rebelled against the "bourgeois" morality of its fathers; the generation of the Thirties rebelled against the social irresponsibility of the Twenties; and Leslie Fiedler says his generation rebelled against rebellion. Now it only remains to rebel against the whole silly idea of ticketed generations and the cycle will be complete.

DONALD MALCOLM

Khrushchev and Stalin

Is Soviet History Repeating Itself?

by **ABRAHAM BRUMBERG**

WE do not know and may never know the details of the latest Moscow shake-up. True, the authoritative organ *Partiinaia Zhizn* (*Party Life,* No. 3, 1957), has "confirmed" the version of the power struggle that has Khrushchev appealing to the Central Committee of the Communist Party for support against a malevolent plot concocted by Malenkov, Molotov, *et al,* and to some newspapermen this means the final word on the subject has been spoken. Yet while there seems little doubt that the Central Committee did indeed play a role in the purge, do we have any assurance that it was not used by Khrushchev in a premeditated move to dislodge a few of his powerful critics?

By the same token, the question of whether the victory of Khrushchev & Co. reflects "merely" a struggle for power or a deep split over policy matters—which seems to preoccupy a good many minds these days—is, in the final analysis, irrelevant. Surely the official Soviet reports are hardly reliable guides in this respect: at best, they contain germs of truth embedded in tissues of lies and distortions. Thus, Malenkov has been accused of opposing the policy of more consumer goods for the population, even though this formed the major plank of his

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platform during his abortive term as Premier of the USSR (1953-55). Thus, too, Shepilov is being charged with hampering Soviet-Yugoslav relations, even though he replaced Molotov as Foreign Minister precisely because of the latter's involvement in Stalin's xenophobic foreign policy. Quite obviously, there must have been a real clash between contending groups in Soviet society: Khrushchev's penchant for bold and sweeping programs could not but meet with resistance from various quarters—whether Stalinist "conservatives" like Molotov, or industrial technocrats who resented the usurpation of their power by local party cadres, or powerful individuals who felt that Khrushchev's fervor and impatience threatened the very foundations of the Soviet system.

Quite obviously, too, purely personal conflicts and ambitions must have played some part in the recent shake-up; in fact, the two elements—personal rivalries and policy disagreements—are inseparable: policy disputes soon become enmeshed in personal rivalries, and at the same time, personal conflicts assume an ideological coloration, with the opposition being swept into the "dustbin of history."

All this is to say that very little can be said—for the time being—about the policy implications of this latest purge. What, to give but one example, are we to make of the fact that Malenkov has been accused of fostering rigidity in cultural affairs by his espousal of orthodox Stalinist formulae on art while Shepilov, on the other hand, has been accused (*Literary Gazette*, July 9) of having encouraged "the revisionism and nihilism which for some time past has gripped certain writers"? Or of the fact that although the Central Committee statement of July 3 went out of the way to be gracious to Yugoslavia, Khrushchev, while in Czechoslovakia, was anything but gracious in regard to the "Yugoslav way to socialism" in general?

Some Soviet experts have yielded to the great temptation to compare recent developments with the Great Purge of the 1930's, when Stalin moved to consolidate his personal hold over the party and state by eliminating all his real and potential rivals for power. It *is* tempting to conclude that the Soviet system has remained essentially the same, that history indeed repeats itself, and that after a brief four-year span Stalinism—now in the person of the cunning and peripatetic Nikita Khrushchev—is staging a triumphant come-back. But on closer scrutiny, this conclusion is an unwarranted oversimplification. For the chief distinguishing feature of the Great Purge was *mass terror*—carried out by Stalin through the secret police which he fully controlled and used not merely to crush his personal rivals, but to create a social upheaval of staggering proportions. The party, the government, the army, industrial establishments and cultural institutions were all thoroughly "cleansed" of unreliable elements; the generation of Old Bolsheviks, of the men who made the revolution and whose loyalty to its original goals remained relatively unimpaired, were liquidated, and a new generation of ambitious bureaucrats and careerists fully loyal to Stalin, or at least devoid of any "ideological scruples," took place in the vast apparatus of the Soviet state. Along with this overhaul came a revision of the Bolshevik ethos as well: a growing Russian chauvinism replaced the remaining strands of Leninist internationalism, the last flicker of intellectual freedom was extinguished, and the oligarchy that had ruled Russia until then made way for a psychopathic cult of "The Leader."

Clearly, the situation is not the same today. Even though Khrushchev has emerged at the top, he still must rely upon other elements within the elite for support—notably the Army under Zhukov (though the widespread assumption that Zhukov represents the military at large still remains to be proved). Furthermore, the back of the secret police is broken, and the memory of its one-time power has forced Stalin's heirs to adopt measures designed to provide effective deterrents against any attempt by a would-be dictator to use it as an instrument for his personal ends. Consequently, the purge now is directed only by the party, within the party, and against one segment of the party leadership. As of this writing, the "factional" group condemned by Khrushchev has still not been accused of anti-Communist or treasonable activities, and while there have been voices demanding its expulsion from party ranks, it is doubtful whether even this step—if ever taken—will be followed by the kind of measures that Stalin adopted against his opponents. Indeed, it has been fascinating to observe during the past few weeks, the continuous emphasis on "strict observance of Leninist norms of party life." To give but two examples out of many, a statement of a group of "old Communist-Leninists" (not, interestingly enough, "Bolsheviks!") in *Pravda* of July 25 condemns "the anti-party groups [which] offended against the general line of the party and opposed collective Leninist decisions of the Central Committee"; and the editorial in *Party Life* (mentioned earlier), assures its readers that "the plenum [of June 20-29] took place under circumstances of broadest unrestrained democracy."

It is easy, of course, to discount these assertions, especially in view of the fact that the Central Committee has by now been staffed largely by Khrushchev's supporters, thanks to his control of the party secretariat. Yet the important thing is that this group of 133 people, which in theory has always been the ruling body of the Communist Party, but which Stalin did not even bother to convene in the last years of his life, has—in one way or another—been drawn into the vortex of Soviet politics, and has thus imposed at least a potential limitation on Khrushchev's quest for power. This helps to explain why there has been virtually no build-up, since the July 3 announcement, of Khrushchev's personal role in the liq-

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uidation of the opposition (with the exception of one remark by Bulganin during the Czechoslovak tour), and why Khrushchev's standing—however powerful *vis-à-vis* other members of the ruling elite—can hardly be compared to Stalin's position in the 1930's.

It might be argued at this point that while the parallel between 1957 and 1937 may be invalid, there *is* sound reason for comparing the present situation with the middle of the 1920's, a period of considerable fluidity in Soviet life, marked by continuous struggle for power within the highest echelons of the Communist Party. Even this comparison, however, though more tenable than the first one, is only superficial. Russia of the 1920's was a backward country on the verge of an immense social revolution. There is a direct causal relationship between the "revolution from above," initiated in the late 1920's—forced collectivization, rapid industrialization, and the destruction of the traditional fabric of Russian society—and the growth and consolidation of a one-man dictatorship. The Russia of today is an infinitely more complex society, with conflicting social and economic interests, with slowly emerging centers of independent power (even though their precise nature is still hard to determine); the problems which it faces—some of them of a most critical nature—simply will not lend themselves to the relatively simple—and in the long run detrimental—solution of terror, coercion, and continuous pressure from above, which could only be exerted by a supremely powerful and ruthless autocratic ruler.

But if Soviet society has become more complex, its political edifice has shown no parallel growth: a "collective leadership" stepped into the void created by the death of the Dictator, and has given evidence, in the past four years, of desperately trying to correct the irrational excesses of its predecessor. Yet the political framework remains, in many essential respects, the same. If the latest purge proves anything, it is that totalitarianism engenders certain features which cannot be eliminated lest the entire system fall apart, or become radically transformed. With no built-in mechanism for orderly governmental change, the purge remains the only method of resolving the constant tension created by the conflicts between individuals maneuvering for power, between different "pressure groups" and interests. And since the "party"—whether it is embodied by the Politburo, the Presidium, or the Central Committee (as it is now)—is always "right," those who oppose it must be pictured as being unalterably wrong and wicked. Under Stalin, every opposition was transformed into a nest of "fascists," "saboteurs," "assassins," and "traitors." Under the present circumstances, it is sufficient to portray them as "dogmatists," "Talmudists," people who "are shackled by the old notions and methods."

In due time, more past "crimes" and "mistakes" are unearthed—such as the fact that Kaganovitch's reputation for improving the Soviet transport system had been "exaggerated," or that Malenkov had a hand in the 1949 "Leningrad affair"—and thus the process of blackening the reputation of the victims who only yesterday were the "trusted leaders" of the Soviet people proceeds apace. And since the party is not only always right, but always represents the "best interests of the toiling masses," its action must be presented as meeting with the enthusiastic approval of the entire Soviet people. This is why *Pravda,* a day after the announcement about the "anti-party group," reports that

> our entire party, the entire Soviet people fervently receive and unanimously approve the resolution of the Plenum of the CC of the CPSU, regarding it as a fully correct and timely measure of immense significance for the party and state.

This is why the oppositionists must appear before the public as an isolated group of outcasts, alienated from the party and the people as a whole, rejected and despised by everyone.

Did the "Soviet people fervently receive" the news of Khrushchev's triumph? The British M.P., Montgomery Hyde, who was present in Moscow and Leningrad during the deliberations of the Central Committee, the subsequent announcement, and the triumphant speeches of the victors at the 250th anniversary of Leningrad's founding, reports (in the July 14 issue of the *London Observer*) that by and large the news about the purge met with an apathetic response from the population. "My general impression," he writes,

> . . . was that the anniversary celebration commanded much more interest than the news of the removal of several Party comrades from power. Two young men, who stopped me in the street, shrugged their shoulders at my mention of Malenkov. They could not care less what happened to him, they told me. What really excited them was the possibility of buying some English clothes, if I could supply them.

And in describing the tumultuous entry of Khrushchev & Co. into Leningrad, he observes:

> . . . It was a rousing reception. Khrushchev was obviously delighted with the arrangements. But I could not help feeling that Malenkov and Molotov would have had an equally warm welcome if they had emerged as the victors in the latest phase of the struggle for power inside Soviet Russia.

Here are two comments that speak volumes about the spirit of the Russian people, and that bring into relief both the old and the new elements in it. In the 1930's Stalin showed his utter contempt for his subjects by manufacturing charges against his opponents that defied all standards of reason and credibility. By permitting the purge to go virtually unchecked for several years, he achieved two purposes: he created an atmosphere of ubiquitous fear that effectively prevented any doubts

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from coming out into the open, and he *depoliticized* the vast masses of the Russian people by imbuing them with a total aversion to any political involvement.

For what good was there in trying to advance politically if the reward for one's efforts was likely to be defamation, banishment, or even death? Politics, then, was left to the handful of tough-skinned careerists, who were willing to take chances for the very considerable rewards (both in financial and social terms) that accrued to those who emerged unscathed from what one observer has termed "the most vicious form of in-fighting." By this method, too, Stalin succeeded (though in a way unwittingly) in creating an immense gulf between the rulers and the ruled.

As the quotations from Mr. Hyde's article suggest and as many recent visitors to Russia have confirmed the Soviet citizen today clearly evinces this attitude, yet with one major difference: the oppressive fear is largely gone—the fear of his rulers, the fear of contamination with representatives from the "decadent West," ("They could not care less what happened to him [Malenkov], they told me"), the fear to communicate their feelings to each other. In its place there is, side by side with an indifference about the men in the Kremlin (which is very often a mere shield for revulsion), or cynicism, an intense yearning for the good life that has been denied to them ("what really excited them was the possibility of buying some English clothes"), and for a greater feeling of personal security and dignity.

The present Soviet leaders are aware of this new spirit of the Russian people, and that is why—among the other reasons mentioned above—they are compelled to present the latest purge not as a Stalinist-type "vigilance" campaign, justified by the ever-tightening "capitalist encirclement," but rather as an act designed to better the lot of the Soviet population—in fact, as the culmination of the entire "deStalinization" drive. To be sure, a similar element was present in the Stalinist era, too, when an attempt was made to blame the results of all unpopular measures on the defeated opposition. Yet the differences are equally stark: Zinoviev, Kamenev, Rykov, Rakovski, Radek, Bukharin and the hundreds of thousands of victims who were shot without "benefit" of trials in the secret cellars of the NKVD were all accused of sabotage, wrecking, espionage, assassination, to which the only answer offered by the dictatorship was vigilance, more discipline, blind loyalty to Stalin.

Now, however, Kaganovitch, Molotov, and Malenkov are accused of opposing measures designed to bring the Soviet citizen more material welfare and to make his life more cheerful and pleasurable. They are accused of opposing the policy (according to *Pravda* of July 8) "aimed at providing ample quantities of meat, butter, milk and fruit for the Soviet people and at insuring large supplies of cheap and attractive textiles, clothes, and of everything that enhances the lives of human beings."

The peasants are told that the "anti-party" group was against the abolition of compulsory deliveries from private plots, advocated by Khrushchev personally. The numerous nationalities, degraded by Stalin's pro-Russian policy, are told that Molotov *et al* opposed "the further extension of the right of union republics." The workers, deprived of decent living conditions, are assured that now, with the elimination of the "factionalists," housing will be expanded to an unprecedented degree. And instead of the image of war, the people are now calmed with promises of "relaxation of international tension."

The Soviet people thus find themselves in the unique position of being catered to rather than trampled upon, wooed rather than intimidated. The intriguing question is, of course, whether they will succumb to these new exhortations. It would seem doubtful at the very least. For the gulf between the people and the regime has not been breached since the death of Stalin, but has steadily widened. The myths to which the people had at one time been forced to subscribe have now been exposed by their very leaders. They have heard Khrushchev denounce Stalin as a murderer, his policies as wrong and disastrous, and many of his teachings as mere lies. They were told that many "who were branded in 1937-1938 as 'enemies' were actually never enemies, spies, wreckers, etc., but were . . . only so stigmatized, and often, no longer able to bear barbaric tortures, they charged themselves . . . with all kinds of grave and unlikely crimes" (Khrushchev's speech of Feb. 25, 1956). Under the impact of these disclosures, and no longer living in terror, they have, in the past few years, given evidence of independence of mind which would probably have driven Stalin into a frenzy of repression.

But Khrushchev is no Stalin, and just as he finds himself compelled indignantly to deny "Western propaganda fabrications about prosecutions" of his opponents, just as he must rely on other elements of the ruling elite for support (thus merely restricting, but by no means abolishing the "collective leadership"), so must he appeal to the Soviet people as the champion of their demands and aspirations. Yet by doing so he is, in effect, merely exposing the rampant weaknesses of the Soviet dictatorial machine. For a totalitarian regime, in order to survive, must not only rule over its subjects, but act as their whip, driving them on toward ever-new tasks, constantly creating new goals and vistas. While the compulsion for the perpetual *sturm und drang* is still there (witness the "virgin-lands" campaign), the other two factors—supreme force and malleability of the masses—are manifestly lacking. By implicitly admitting that the Soviet people represent a force to be reckoned with, the present leadership—whatever its immediate policies will be—has given the world further proof of the progressive decline of the totalitarian dictatorship.

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What Johnny Don't Know

by ARTHUR NORMAN and LEWIS SAWIN

LAST SPRING, not long before the nominating conventions and not long after Princess Margaret bowed to authority, we made up a list of 20 important and/or notorious persons from public life—past and present—and asked 359 college freshmen and sophomores at a large state university in the South where we taught to identify them, by way of testing the students' knowledge of history, the arts, and current affairs. Specifically, 143 of those tested were students in a course called 1B, which is the second semester of a three-semester course in English composition for freshmen; 132 were taken from 1C, the third semester of this same course; and the other 84 were from an introductory literature course. All of the students in all sections of these three courses were tested: the group as a whole was, insofar as one could determine, quite "average"—at least for a state university whose admission requirements can be met merely by graduation from an accredited high school. Geographically, they came from many parts of the country (there was a noticeable admixture of "Yankees"), though the largest number naturally were from the state in which the university is located.

The persons we asked the 359 students to identify were: Adlai Stevenson, Norman Thomas, Henry Wallace, Warren G. Harding, Mrs. Wallis W. Simpson, Captain Peter Townsend, Charles Wilson, Francisco Franco, Charles de Gaulle, John Dillinger, Fiorello La Guardia, Pablo Picasso, Giuseppe Verdi, Karl Marx, T. S. Eliot, Richard Wagner, Oliver Cromwell, Robert Frost, Richard Rodgers, and Leo Tolstoi. Names like Hitler, Stalin, Eisenhower, and Marilyn Monroe, who, we felt, were universally recognizable, we purposely omitted.

In most cases we expected the student to know no more than the nationality of each and the activity for which he was chiefly famous.

We assumed that every student would be able to identify half of the people we chose with some degree of exactness, but we were wrong. Though we graded liberally, fewer than *one-fourth* (22 percent) were able to do so. In fact only four of the twenty names were clearly identified by as many as half the students. These were Stevenson (86 percent), John Dillinger (78 percent), Peter Townsend (66 percent), and (a poor fourth, the only "historical" figure, and really not in the same class as the other three in point of score) Karl Marx (50 percent). At the bottom of the list was Norman Thomas; only seven students (2 percent) knew who he is.

Between these extremes straggled the others in various degrees of non-recognition: Wilson (45 percent), Harding (42 percent), Rodgers (37 percent), La Guardia (36 percent), Frost (35 percent), Franco (32 percent), de Gaulle (30 percent). None of the others received correct identifications from even one-fourth of the students. Most of the artists on the list fared very badly. Verdi, Picasso, and Wagner marched hand-in-hand to oblivion with 22 percent each. There followed Cromwell (19 percent), Tolstoi and Mrs. Simpson, an interesting pair (17 percent), Wallace (14 percent), Eliot (6 percent), and Thomas (2 percent).

There were, of course, many ludicrous mistakes: Adlai Stevenson was identified by a total of 10 students as a Republican presidential aspirant. This might mean that one student in 36 at the freshman-sophomore level does not know the difference between a Republican and a Democrat. Or, perhaps, since some of the students knew that their families call themselves Democrats but favored Eisenhower, Ike then is a Democrat and Stevenson a Republican.

Other students identified Stevenson as a Senator from Wisconsin trying for the Democratic nomination; as a Democratic "former gov of Ohio—ran in last presedential election"; as a man who "ran for president time before last (presently runing for governor of NY)"; and as "The man from tenn with coonskin cap." Five other students called Stevenson a Senator. One student identified him as a "General of US Army," and another, not without a certain insight, as a "Plutocrat of the democratic party."

Norman Thomas seems to have been generally confused with Lowell Thomas, for he was identified as a

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news commentator by 34 students. Four thought he was a singer (John Charles Thomas?). He was also called a sports commentator, a poet, a labor leader, a "Notorious Pirate," a "Democratic politician," and a "world famous painter."

Three students identified Henry Wallace as an official of the CIO; one as an official of the AFL; one as head of both organizations. One said he was a Republican "seanator"; five others called him a Senator, party unspecified; two said he was the Secretary of State; one the Secretary of State under President Truman; four a former Secretary of State; one the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Other identifications ran the political spectrum: "Republican who was once a presidental nominee" (4—some spelling correctly); "republican chairman of some committee"; "high ranking politician of the republican party"; "former Political leader in the Republican Party"; author of *One World*; English statesman; "German leader in World War II"; and "married . . . Duke of Wales."

Even more astonishing than these complete misidentifications are the answers of those students who *have* heard something about Wallace but not enough to know what he stood for politically. He "once ran for president on non partician ticket"; he "ran for President on Probation Ticket"; he is an ex-president of the United States or a "Past president with subversive affiliations?"; he "ran for president with truman, he was a communist." Eight students called him a past presidential candidate on the Socialist ticket. Other comments: communist (two students); Communist party presidential candidate (two students); "a communist and Vice-Pres. of the US"; and "I somehow associate his name with Communism."

It is gratifying that 40 percent and more of our students could recognize the name of one of the Presidents of the United States. From those who had trouble identifying Warren G. Harding came responses such as: "President during the bombing of Pearl Harbor"; "assinated President of US"; "President impeached." Two called Harding a news commentator, four a labor leader, three a military figure, nine a US Senator; he was called an FBI agent or counterspy (David Harding, Counterspy?) by four, and head of the FBI by one. One soul stated that he ran for President on the Progressive Party ticket. From confusion with Earl Warren he was called variously the "Former governor of Calif. also Chief Justice," a former Chief Justice, and so on. Other comments were: "Popular character on true dective mysteries"; "head of department of treasury agents" (David Harding again); "great aviator"; and "communist."

Mrs. Wallis W. Simpson was identified as a cabinet member by seven (twice as Secretary of the Treasury, five times as Secretary of "Health & Welfare"—Mrs. Hobby please note). By others she was called the "first lady in Congress"; a US Senator (3); a woman ambassador or diplomat (4); and an "american good will ambassador" (attention Mrs. Mesta). She was also misidentified as the head of the SPCA; as "an adultress of renown fame"; "wife of former Mayor of New York"; "governess of the Royal Children"; and as someone "recently on trial for fraud." Others called her the wife of the Duke of Edinburgh; "Wife of the ex-George ? of England"; "married the ex-king of England (George IV)"; and "wife of man having something to do with government." Full credit was given to the student who wrote that "By marrying her Edward was forced to advocate."

Capt. Peter Townsend, best known of the twenty personalities after Stevenson and Dillinger, was identified by one student as "Queen Elizabeth's old bow." Others, spelling more correctly, called him Queen Elizabeth's sweetheart, beau, fiance, or lover (10); Elizabeth's sweetheart (5); or Princess Elizabeth's sweetheart (9). One claimed that he had "married princess Margaret"; one that he was "in love with Princess Margaret, heir-apparent to the throne of England"; and one that he was "Princess Margaretts sweetheart—marriage not permitted between the two by the Pope." Seven students identified Townsend as the heroic captain of a ship that sank (Curt Carlsen of the *Flying Enterprise?*), and another five mentioned him in connection with the Townshend Acts ("ruler of England at one time and taxed the colonies & it was called Townsend Act"). By various others he was called a "Soldier—early Am. History"; a "character of some story"; the "Main character in the novel, *The Secret Road*. Lived during time of Civil War"; a "Southern General during Civil War"; a "Famous American Captain in Korean War"; a Communist prisoner"; one of the "red turn coats"; and a "traitor to country."

Eleven students identified Charles Wilson as the Secretary of State and one as the ex-Secretary of State. Others thought he was the Secretary of Labor or an official in that department (6); a labor leader (4); the Secretary of War (3); the Secretary of the Army (3); an ex-Secretary of the Navy (1); "Sec. of War (or navy)" (1); Secretary of the Air Force (1); Secretary of the Treasury (3); "Secretary of the Treasurer" (1); and the Secretary of Commerce (1). Two called him a leader in the AFL; two others made him an official in the Department of Agriculture. Two said that he was a former President of the United States; and by various other students he was identified as a critic, an ex-Secretary of Defense, "a admiral," a Supreme Court Justice, and the brother of Woodrow Wilson.

Francisco Franco got off light. Only two students

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associated him with Franco-American spaghetti. Others called him the Dictator of Italy (4), an Italian leader (1), the President of Mexico (1), a Mexican bullfighter (1), the king or emperor of Spain (3), a Spanish Communist leader (2), and as a "Former Ruler of Spain —member of Big 4 powers" (1). Most interesting of all, perhaps, was the comment that he "started a revolution in Spain that broke the hold of the Turks."

APART from the five students who thought Dillinger was a "TV wizard" or mindreader (Dunninger?) the three who claimed that he invented a gun (Derringer?), the three who thought that he was "a great figure of old west," the several who called him a politician, and a scattering who said he was a writer, a fighter, a "movie actor of earlier years," or the "Davy Crocket fad starter" (Disney?), students were commendably clear about Dillinger's identity. To some, however, it will be a reflection upon the students' sense of values that 38 described Dillinger as a "famous" criminal. Other comments included "ex-criminal of some fame"; "noted outlaw"; "leading gangster"; "a great gangster"; "One of greatest crimmial of our time"; "A great crook"; "noted criminal" (2); "a notorious bandit whom is deceased"; "fictitious gangster & murder"; "one of the american greatest gangsters"; "one of the greatest of all crimincels"; "brilliant" criminal; "highly renowned criminal"; "past renowned underworld character"; and "fearless gangster."

Fiorello La Guardia, known to about a third of the students, suffered only slight misidentification. Eleven students thought he had been a governor of New York. A number knew him only as someone ("famed flier"—2) with an airport named in his honor. Three claimed he was an ex-mayor of New York City who is now Ambassador to Mexico. Two thought he was an Italian politician, and one each called him a violinist, a boxer, an Italian sculptor, a French writer, a South American writer, a native of "Venezuella," an American general, and the "wife of past governor of New York."

One student each thought that Picasso was the President of Italy, the Dictator of Italy, or an Italian leader. Two called him a Mexican artist, and one each suggested that he was a Mexican bullfighter, the Mexican Ambassador, a fighter from Mexico, a Mexican leader, or simply a Mexican. Others (one each) would have him a bank robber, a violinist, a "Famous European Fashioner of clothes," a writer, the ruler of Portugal, a composer, an athlete, or a "discoverer of the New world." Among those who recognized him as an artist, six listed him as an Italian; others as a "Painter way, way back"; or an "Italian artist during Renaissance"; or as a "famous artist whose paintings have lasted until today."

Verdi, known to only a fifth of the students, was called "phylossopher," conductor, "Italian humorist and playright," Spanish politician, scientist, and French actress. One student claimed that he "killed a little girl who later became a saint."

While Karl Marx is known, more or less, to half the students, a surprising number have only the remotest idea as to who he was and what he did. Twelve thought or pretended to think that he was one of the Marx brothers; others that he was a "TV Actor with Sid Cesaer"; someone connected with the "$64,000 Question —master of seremonies"; or a "TV announcer — $64,000,000 Question (Hal March?). Among those who called him a German, one identified him as the "German Dictator before Hitler"; an Emperor of Germany; and as the "Nazi author of Mein Kampf—dead." One stated that "his theory was the 'survival of the fittest' "; while another credited him with the Malthusian theory of population growth and food supply. Of those who connected his name with Russia or Communism, four stated that Marx was a Czar of Russia, two that he was the Czar of Russia who had started Communism. Others wrote that he was a Communist ruler of Russia (2); a "Russia communist leader of a few years ago"; the "Russian Leader after revolution"; the "Learder of Maxium in Russia"; and a "Companion of Lennin in Revolution of Russia." Thirteen described him as a *Russian* Communist or Socialist, several others as a Russian philosopher, thinker, economist.

The most misidentified of the twenty names was that of T. S. Eliot. A great many students merely called him an author, an answer we did not count right because it lacked specificity. Readers may object that it is expecting too much of a college student to know the difference between an author and a poet. Perhaps so, but since twelve of our students called Eliot not only an author but a woman author (George Eliot, presumably), we feel that our distinction was more than justified. Still others called Eliot the author of *Leaves of Grass*, a "war correspondent—writer; died in battle"; a "huge financier"; and a news analyst. One student thought Eliot was really O. Henry.

A RATHER stunning total of forty-two students identified Richard Wagner as a movie star (by confusion, apparently, with Robert Wagner). Six called him a motion picture producer (Walter Wanger?), one a motion picture director, and one a "motion picture president." One thoroughly confused student labeled him a "musician also a moviestar." Six students thought Wagner was the mayor or former mayor of New York (Robert F. Wagner?). One each called him an author, a US Senator, an American outlaw, a baseball player, a commentator, an American millionaire, the Secretary of the Interior, and a "musician of the 17th century."

In a still greater confusion (conceivably with Oliver Goldsmith), 76 students stated that Oliver Cromwell

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was a writer; four called him a poet. Along similar lines, two associated him with Dickens (Oliver Twist?), and others called him a fictional character; one listed him as "Fiction, in Walt Disney's comics." Still another student believed that he "wrote Gulliver's travels." Others thought he was an actor; an eighteenth century English jurist; a nineteenth century English politician; a radio commentator (2); a "legendary figure"; an English lord (2); a detective; a playwright; a "retired navel officer"; an American cartoonist; and an English civic leader of the eighteenth or nineteenth century. Two students thought him to be the founder of a colony in America, one that he was "Responsible for convicts being brought to Georgia" (Oglethorpe?). Six had him a British general at the time of the American Revolution (Cornwallis?). Some confusion is evident in the mind of the student who wrote: "Cromwell (English General) surrendered to Washington at Appomatox Court House at end of Revolution."

The name Richard Rodgers brought in the identification: "The name found on all good silver."

Comments on Tolstoi are indicative of what can be said of someone with a Russian name. He was called a composer, an orchestra conductor, a "former ruler of Russia." Six students seemingly confused him with Trotsky: "Ex-Czar of Russia murdered in Mexico"; "Dead communist leader killed in Mexico"; "killed by Stalin." He was also called a baseball player and a physicist.

During the last part of the testing for this study, 77 of our students were asked to print the name of the President of the United States. Some students did not try; others wrote "Ike." Twenty-one who tried could not spell his name correctly.

Exhibition in Freshman Composition*

Ruff, Ruff!

THREE months before I graduated from high school, I arranged for an interview with my state representative. He had sent me a letter asking for an interview with me on my application for a scolarship to . . . . This scholarship ment a lot to me and the answer to my problem was the out-come of this interview.

It was a hot summer's afternoon, about three o'clock. He had asked me to come visit with him at his home thirty-two miles from my house. As I drove out to his farm, I kept getting a little more up-set and worried about the whole idea. To express matters plainly, I was scared. As I drove up the driveway three large dogs came running out to great me with a big "ruff! ruff!" Then as I got out of the car I saw a man sitting on the patio. It was the representative. I introduce myself, he in return. We sat down, talk about the dogs, the farm, and all about the other things you try to make-up when meeting a stranger. Finally he said, "Bob, you want a scolarship, don't you?" "Yes Sir," I answered quickly. "Well," he paused, "I've looked up your high-school reckored and you seem to be a pretty good boy; right, Bob?" "I try to be, sir!" I grasped. Then in a very serious tone of voice he said, "Son, I have decided to give you a four year scolarship to . . . . with all expensives paid. Now, is there anything else I can do for you?" I grended turn and twist for a few seconds, and answered, "That is more than I exspected in the first place, sir. You don't know how much this means to me. Let me thank you from the bottom of my heart." And then I departed with dogs trailing behind me as I left going "ruff! ruff!"

Seventeen

I WAS seventhen before I had my farst date Have big dreans of being a grate athlete women were not for me but in due time I Had changed my mind. I was in High School and eveary day at the end of school I wool live by the back way and one day as I was leving school I met this fine babe and I spoke to and she spoke back to me and thise Kaep up for a week ore so and then one day I asked Her to goe withe me the mext weekin withe me and she sad she wood.

I picked Her up about seven and we went to the show it was in the last part of school in june and she Had a summer sun dress on it Had a low nick line and she Had size 38 brass . . . , I am not much on talking but I could talk about Her all night doring the Hauld show I could not tack my eays off of Her after the show we went out and Had a few drinks and something to eat and dance for a while, My mother taught me How to dance and thise was the farst time I was Haulding a strange women in my armes and what a women I Held her close to me and the was brathing one my nick that was allmost draiveing out of my mind and eveary time I wood tray to Hold a conversaytion she woon just look into my eays and she sammed as she cannt Hear a thing I was saying, being a very bashful boy I Had to put a stop to this so I tauck Her Home and I never saw her agen.

* Two themes submitted to Professor Sawin, both of which, he admits, are "scrapings from the bottom of the barrel."

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Incorrigible Poker into Hornets' Nests

by Adlai E. Stevenson

NEW REPUBLIC readers know the author of *The Lunatic Fringe* as the beloved buccaneer who sails these pages under the false flag of "The Superficial Aspect," firing broadsides right and left, marching the self-righteous off the end of his plank, and everlastingly debunking buncombe—including ours, and sometimes his own too.

This time, though, it is Gerald Johnson not for the prosecution but for the defense. On the surface at least, *The Lunatic Fringe* is a brief on behalf of a baker's dozen of American visionaries and madcaps from Tom Paine at the end of the 18th Century to Tom Watson at the start of the 20th. Mr. Johnson files in effect a writ of *habeas corpus* seeking the release of his bizarre clients from history's bridewell on the plea that prophets are not fairly without honor save in their own century.

The Lunatic Fringe, by Gerald W. Johnson (Lippincott; $3.95).

Taken at face value, this is a highly amusing, often very funny, sometimes even raucous, side show in American history. Sober Henry George and the staid Horace Greeley are here, but for the most part the story is about indubitable eccentrics: the excessively virtuous Grimke sisters and the excessively unvirtuous Claflin girls; yellin' Mary Lease and Sockless Jerry Simpson; a mnemonics expert who could never find his glasses; Ignatius Donnelly, "who corroborated Plato and abolished Shakespeare"; Carry (not Carrie) Nation wielding her hatchet, and Coin Harvey building his field stone pyramid in the Ozarks. Four of the thirteen ran for President!

It is hard to tell just how serious a book this is intended to be, or even whether its author quite decided this himself. But it is clear that his central concern goes substantially beyond these thirteen "lunatics" and their antics. Most of them were exasperating at their best and fairly disgusting at their worst. If, as the dust jacket suggests, this book "illuminates the careers" of these "American worthies" it does so only to serve the author's broader purpose.

He wishes us to see, by looking at history, how at least on certain basic points these thirteen were starkly, even if accidentally, sane amidst some national insanity. We are reminded that what was radicalism when Henry George proposed it in 1877 reemerged (with the over-emphasized "single tax" feature expurgated) as brilliant statesmanship during the Hundred Days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, that by 1952 both major parties had adopted most of the discredited Populist platform of 1892, that Coin Harvey's aberration was largely that he was 40 years ahead of John Maynard Keynes in analyzing the economy of abundance, and that the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System has drawn heavily on its inheritance from a Greenback Party which was derided in 1880 for "wanting to use pumpkin leaves for money."

Yet timing is plainly important in being politically "right." Darius Green was crazy when he took flight from the roof of his barn—and none the less so for the Wright brothers' subsequent experiments. The fact that populism and a huge national debt are accepted in the 20th Century does not prove that they made sense in the 19th. And the argument in defense of these ranters that their "lunacy" lay in being ahead of their times could be more fairly extended to cover a larger legion of quieter prophets who were proved equally "right" and no less effective in the long run but who managed to bear their frustrations more stoically.

The point of this book is not, however, whether the 19th Century's Woodhulls and Simpsons and Donnellys were fairly treated. Their stories appear here only as caricatured illustrations of a democratic society's strangely characteristic inhospitality to all and any new political notions. Mr. Johnson's concern is patently not with whether a few offbeat characters may have been martyred by our attitude in the past, but with whether we may ourselves become society's victims in the future.

There is a poignant reminder here of the seeming paradox that a nation born in revolution and proud of its tradition of independent thinking is prone to guard that inheritance by persistent opposition to innovation. We realize how little of forward movement in the handling of our public business has come, at least for a long time now, from acceptance of the logic of any new argument or from persuasion by the fluency of its exponents. The politician who preaches preventive medicine for the body politic has consistently been rebuked at the polls, and when we have decided (some personal experience reminds me) that it is "time for a change" — we have meant and believed this in the sense not of moving ahead but simply of passing the deal. The only "planning" we want, and usually get, from government is enough to keep today's crisis from being tomorrow's catastrophe. There is quite a lot of Arkansas Traveler in most of us; and if the roof needs repairing, we are most likely to do it in the rain. So instead of "adopting" new political ideas consciously and deliberately we only accept them—usually howling our heads off in protest—when "the grim relentless pressure of events" leaves us no alternative.

SO FAR, this allergy to new notions hasn't seemed to hurt us, at least not too much. We weren't destroyed when we pilloried Tom Paine, sneered at Mary Lease and turned our backs on John Peter Altgeld—even though it later developed that on some things they were right and we were wrong. We do suspect that a little more foresight might have prevented an agonizing depression twenty-eight years ago, and that we have on occasion put our liberties as well as our security in dangerous and needless jeopardy. But we have been, at least by the world's measure, remarkably successful. And if you asked

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most men on most streets about it I suspect they would credit our success largely to this very aloofness of ours to bedlamites and their "crackpot ideas."

The Lunatic Fringe is Gerald Johnson's expression of concern about whether we can expect to be so fortunate in the future. His last chapter is not about lunacy in the last century but about peace in what is left of this one, about whether the nation marked for the leadership of a planet can fill its roll by rejecting all overtures for peace except those which have lain around the Pentagon for years on end, about the dangers of deafness to the logic of the future and of reluctance to "take the obvious next step forward" in a world which is going to move forward whether we do or not.

It would be interesting to set Johnson's chronicle of hostility toward new political and economic and social ideas beside a similar review of recent and contemporary attitudes toward ingenuity and invention in the physical sciences. Both were once damned alike. Yet we have learned to encourage the physicist's innovation with every means at our command, while only becoming increasingly cautious about any sign of pioneering in the political sciences—except when we are flat on our economic backs. If an Einstein or an Oppenheimer develops a new formula for unlocking the atom and gives it to the country with an admonition that new uses of matter will require new controls of these uses we call the formula maker blessed and condemn the admonitor as subversive. You wonder how much this difference between attitudes toward the two kinds of new ideas has contributed to today's somber threat that man may snuff himself out because he learned how to liberate the atom before he learned how to control it.

Gerald Johnson is no pessimist. He dedicates his book to "the unterrified American," and even as he traces the vicissitudes of "the sane man in a lunatic world" he concludes "that great influence in a free society is invariably based on some quality whose social value is real and solid" and "that in the mass of people there is a wisdom that, fallible as it is in detail, on the issues of the widest scope is superior to the wisdom of any individual, no matter how brilliant." He insists, at the same time, that "our whole political system [is] a status not of being but of becoming," that the essential elements in this becoming are new and different and independent thoughts, and that freedom's future depends upon its adherents' "reasonable hospitality to new ideas."

Not, to be sure, all new ideas. Johnson suggests a dual criterion for distinguishing between the responsible heresy which demands fair-minded testing and the heterodoxy that must be put down from the beginning as dangerous nonsense. Partly this is a matter of the substance of the new proposal: whether it is correctly aligned

> upon the fundamental base of the American republic . . . the assumption that men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which is the pursuit of happiness . . . that governments are not masters, but merely instruments in the hands of men, instruments designed to secure, among others, their right to the pursuit of happiness. This function supersedes all others and whatever policy or philosophy impedes the discharge of this policy is a false policy or philosophy, from the American standpoint.

It is even more a matter of how the new idea is offered and how the proponent seeks to implement it. Using Henry George as his own vehicle, Johnson offers "a convenient shibboleth" for testing

> the quality of members of the Lunatic Fringe today and tomorrow. It is this: do they propose to attain their ends strictly by the means of persuasion and free election, or by some other means? If they propose to abide by constitutional means, they are not un-American. They may be madmen, certainly, but not unAmerican, no matter how wild their proposals may seem to contemporaries. It is legitimate to defeat them, but dangerous to suppress them; for the event may prove that the apparent madman is really sane. . . .

Perhaps little in this book about new ideas is itself distinctly new. Cesare Lambroso's *Man of Genius* reached the related and possibly even more analytical conclusion that it is because "genius never . . . travels on the well-worn paths [that] the crowd, not altogether without reason, is so ready to treat great men as lunatics." It could be said, I suppose, that *The Lunatic Fringe* is primarily an-

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other preachment, with more lurid trimmings, about the virtues of non-conformity, or even that it only embroiders what is said in the Bill of Rights about the vital necessity of tolerance of dissent. It may well be that this little book will appear in history's files only as a footnote to the June, 1957, decisions of a Supreme Court which proved that body once again the tough-minded guardian of democracy's essential need to let some of its citizens be wrong.

Yet I suspect that here and elsewhere Gerald Johnson has added as much as any man or woman of our times to the plain saying of what is going to have to be said every day of liberty's life in America. Tolerance of dissent will never become instinctive with us: it is one of the aggravating features of the problem that those who become most successful in life, and correspondingly most influential, have thereby the greatest incentive to be the most intolerant of all when anything new and different is suggested. So we are dependent, to counteract this "tyranny of opinion," on the "incorrigible poker into hornets' nests"—as Johnson calls Ignatius Donnelly.

At a time in history when more of us than usual seem to be thinking dangerously much about what other people will think about what we think, we can thank Heaven for Gerald Johnson.

In Our Next Issue

Reinhold Niebuhr

discusses

Arthur Koestler's *controversial*

Reflections on Hanging

After Armageddon

by Robert H. Estabrook

THIS is a novel about the possibility of nuclear extinction — about the eradication of life as a cloud of radioactivity sweeps over the earth in the wake of nuclear war. Others have dealt with the same theme, but none with more force or credibility than Mr. Shute, whose account has the more dramatic impact because of the low pitch and resignation with which it is related.

On the Beach, by Nevil Shute (Morrow; $3.95).

On the Beach is not great literature, but it is not, either, a mere science fiction thriller. Its basic assumptions as to the lethal radioactivity that might follow the explosion of 4000 cobalt and other superbombs are at least in accord with current scientific speculation. It falls, actually, into the category of an evangelical effort, in the form of a novel, to save the world from its own folly. Hence its significance lies in the possibility that it might stimulate action through capturing the popular imagination in something of the fashion of Zola's *J'accuse* or Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (though it has considerably more artistic merit than the latter).

The locale is Australia; the time, 1963. A year previously the nations of the Northern Hemisphere have wiped each other out in a short nuclear war begun by Albania against Italy. Britain and the United States intervened against Egypt when a bomb destroyed Tel Aviv; after the NATO-Soviet war China and Russia extinguished what was left of each other through cobalt bombs and radiological warfare.

Now the radioactivity is pushing southward borne aloft by the winds of the Southern Hemisphere. Australia has eight months to live. One by one the cities of Africa and South America with which radio contact has been maintained have become mausoleums. Australians know their fate although some of them don't quite believe it; and without oil, without automobiles, without newsprint they meander through a fatalistic existence that suddenly has lost meaning.

This is the setting for the young American naval commander (who has escaped with his submarine and crew) and for his young Australian counterpart, the protagonists of the story. These men and their associates, through cruises into areas on which the radioactivity has already settled, dispel any illusions about what is going to happen.

The book is full of wistful touches—the ghostly radio messages, mostly in gibberish, that come from a Coke bottle brushed by the wind against a transmitter key; the Australian rancher who can't abide the thought that the rabbits, more tolerant of radioactivity, will live a year longer than he; the discipline of the American commander who pretends that his family in Connecticut is not dead and purchases gifts to take back with him; the young woman who persuaded her husband to buy a power lawn mower ("Last you a lifetime," says the clerk).

At first reading it seems as if Mr. Shute has struck a false note in having the commander and crew take the submarine out into international waters in the end and merely sink it. Life is tenacious, and one is tempted to think that in such a situation thousands of persons would clamber aboard to escape somewhere, if only for hours. Yet no one knows how a population would react to radiation sickness, to the availability of free suicide pills in the awful and ever-present imminence of doom.

Scientists may object that Mr. Shute's hypotheses are wrong, that his quixotic pattern for wind currents is improbable, that radioactivity wouldn't behave in this way. But they can scarcely contradict the portentous words of the scientist in the book who says: "The trouble is, the damn things got too cheap." Mr. Shute is not bemused by the "clean" bomb.

On the theory that fantasy may be the ultimate reality, this is a very realistic book indeed. It has something of the same grip as *1984*, and a good bit more immediacy. "The only possible hope," says one of the characters before he dies, "would have been to educate" the nations of the world "out of their silliness."

Notes on Contributors

ADLAI E. STEVENSON is currently travelling in Europe. ROBERT H. ESTABROOK is editor of the editorial page of *The Washington Post and Times-Herald*. VAN R. HALSEY, JR., is a member of the Department of American Studies at Amherst College.

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Lewis Mumford's Golden Day

by Van R. Halsey Jr.

IN 1926 Lewis Mumford's *The Golden Day* was acclaimed as a major publishing event. Its re-issue comes ironically at a time when Mr. Mumford's literary fortunes are at a seemingly low watermark. Fashioned in that era of burgeoning confidence in our own creative abilities, this book was among the first which forcefully demonstrated that in Thoreau, Emerson, Whitman, Melville, and Hawthorne, Americans had a cultural and literary past which was fully as useable as any which Europe could boast. George Santayana called it "the best book about America, if not the best American book that I have ever read."

The Golden Day, by Lewis Mumford (Beacon Press; $1.45).

More recently however, Mr. Mumford's books, when not completely ignored, have met with a far cooler reception. His latest effort, *The Transformations of Man* has been hardly noticed.

The most common explanation for this devastating reversal in esteem is that while Mumford's earlier and well-known writings on literature, architecture, and the urban scene had remarkably fresh interpretations, his latest books, concerned with morals, ideals and metaphysics, are visionary and full of "a technical jargon thickly buttered with uplifting generalities." He has, so his critics charge, increasingly moved from criticism of our technological society to sermons on "the condition of man" and "the conduct of life."

The fact is, however, that his concern with moral values and the human life (for which he is now so abruptly dismissed) has been vigorously expressed in all his books. Nowhere in his writing is this more clearly illustrated than in *The Golden Day*. For *The Golden Day* was much more than a successful attempt to illustrate the uniqueness and unity of the sprawling American Experience. As he points out in his new and rather revealing introduction, "*The Golden Day* was in no sense a factual survey of American literature, still less a close examination of individual works." Rather, "it concentrated on relationships and values." And, as Mumford is quick to admit, "this was not proper work for a specialist, but rather for one who, like myself, was dedicated to the contemporary role of generalist."

As a generalist concerned with values he was attracted to the American writers of the mid-nineteenth century chiefly because they seemed to embody "an heroic conception of life" in sharp contrast to the blankness and sterility of the twenties. In the imagination of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman

> . . . a new world began to form out of the distracting chaos: wealth was in its place, and science was in its place, and the deeper life of man began to emerge, no longer stunted or frustrated by the instrumentalities it had conceived and set to work.

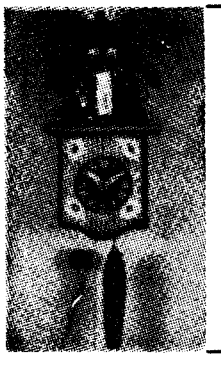
What Mr. Mumford was calling for in the twenties was the same thing he is urging today—nothing less than a complete reversal of the dominant American values—and a faith in "Thoreau's dream of what it means to live a whole human life."

Russell Davenport in *The Dignity of Man*, has characterized Americans as blindly adhering to a philosophical optimism which makes it almost impossible for us "to visualize the destiny of our country in any other terms outside of the optimistic tradition in which we are immersed." As if to give substance to this observation *Time* magazine recently attempted to demonstrate that our intellectuals have finally become yea-sayers and are busy affirming American values. Now comes Adolf Berle, hailed as an "authentic prophet," because his new study of foreign relations, *Tides of Crisis*, concludes that a century of peace is around the corner, "more soundly based even than that of the Victorian Age." In this sort of smug milieu, abetted by ten years of anesthetic prosperity, Mr. Mumford's acute criticisms and his pleas for a renewal of the central human values disqualify him from The Team.

But perhaps the more important reason for Mumford's dismissal is the bitter feeling on the part of those who once so eagerly rallied to his banner. Their high expectations have collapsed. Our present-day writers and intellectuals are more truly a lost generation than those who fled to Paris in the Twenties. The exhilarating atmosphere in the early writings of Mumford, Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne, Walter Lippmann, Waldo Frank inspired a buoyant confidence that was tragically short-lived.

With the Second World War and the nuclear race seemingly making men and ideas impotent to influence events, any talk of an organic transformation of values or a meaningful plan for survival seems to many naïve in the extreme, as though one should have outgrown all that nonsense. So Mumford is said to be "still at the old stand," while we have moved on to seek "the well-rounded individual," "togetherness," and "the sound dollar."

Some weeks ago in *The New Republic*, Malcolm Cowley defined the intellectual as one who put his faith in ideas believing that society could be improved by finding the right ideas and putting them into practice. The re-issue of *The Golden Day* reminds us of one among us who, having early expressed that faith has consistently expounded it.



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MOVIES

Joan and the Sweet Smell of Success

IT IS an odd *St. Joan* that Otto Preminger has made. There is no question here of a play "defying interpretation"; in this instance, the interpreter has deliberately set out to defy the play.

"The new drama," Shaw wrote in *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*—which could as well be called the Quintessence of Shavianism—"arises through a conflict of unsettled ideals . . . the conflict is not between clear right and clear wrong . . . the question which makes the play interesting is which is the hero and which the villain." But Mr. Preminger makes it clear that he knows which is which. She is called *Saint* Joan, isn't she? Then she was right, this plucky little lady who saved France, and everyone else was wrong. What prompted the film-maker to *want* to wring such an uninteresting idea from the original is hard to understand, but wrung it was.

St. Joan (United Artists). *The Sweet Smell of Success* (Hecht-Hill-Lancaster).

Shaw's notion, that Joan's antagonists, far from being villains, were just as "right" as she was, in sticking to *their* guns—this is hardly Mr. Preminger's notion of good melodrama. The Archbishop, Peter Cauchon, the Inquisitor and Warwick consequently lose half their lines and all their meaning. And as if cutting the play in half weren't enough, a good half of this time is devoted to spectacle scenes that Shaw was careful to exclude from his drama.

As Joan, Jean Seberg has to do so much horseback riding, attending of expensive functions (the coronation, torture scene, the burning) and what not, that it seems hardly fair to expect a competent interpretation from her as well. Miss Seberg is the winner of a nationwide contest staged last year by Mr. Preminger, to give himself publicity, and some young girl a chance to play a role that a young girl couldn't possibly handle. The new Joan is 18 years old, and has had no previous experience; she seems alternately cowed and awed by the proceedings. Her coiffure, a crew-cut, may have something to do with her discomfort. When she is asked at the trial if she can give one sensible reason for her unorthodox looks, she replies to the effect that they make her look inconspicuous among the men. Since the men all wear their hair at shoulder-length, this only seems to give extra (if unintentional) point to Cauchon's query: "Woman are you quite mad? Do you not yet see that your voices have deceived you?"

A ghost is doubtless deriving much pleasure from Mr. Preminger's effort. For Shaw predicted it, in perfect detail, some 33 years ago. ". . . by the excision of the dialogue," he wrote in the preface to *St. Joan,*

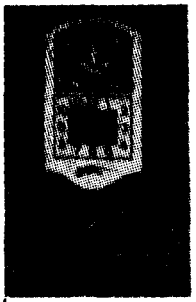
> and all the references to such undramatic and tedious matters as the Church, the feudal system, the Inquisition, the theory of heresy and so forth . . . the play could be considerably shortened . . .
>
> The experienced knights of the blue pencil, having saved an hour and a half by disembowelling the play, would at once proceed to waste two hours in building elaborate scenery, having real water in the river Loire and a real bridge across it, and staging an obviously sham fight for possession of it, with the victorious French led by Joan on a real horse. The coronation would eclipse all previous theatrical displays, shewing, first, the procession through the streets of Rheims, and then the service in the cathedral, with special music written for both. Joan would be burnt on the stage . . . on the principle that it does not matter in the least why a woman is burnt provided she is burnt, and people can pay to see it done . . .
>
> Nobody who knows the stage history of Shakespeare will doubt that this is what would happen . . . indeed it probably will happen when I am no longer in control of the performing rights.

The Sweet Smell of Success "exposes" Broadway gossip columnists as not very nice people, confidently assuming that we had been thinking all this time that they *were* nice. Which looks a little like confidence misplaced. The film, like certain other recent "exposés," turns out to have a good deal more bark than bite. It pretends to be dealing with a vast social problem, while actually fussing over nothing more than the headaches a public figure can make for the unfortunate people who have to work with him.

The central figure is a J. J. Hunsecker (Burt Lancaster) whose syndicated gossip column has 60 million readers. He spends most of his time at a special table equipped with a special telephone at the Stork Club. But his power is not over the 60 million readers, it is over a handful of publicity-agents. I have no idea what publicity agents do in real life, but in this film they extract money from "clients" (one never learns what *they* do) in exchange for getting them mentioned in J. J.'s column.

For reasons never made clear, J. J. doesn't want his sister to marry a young, wholesome guitar-player. A publicity-agent protégé of his, Sid Falco (Tony Curtis) gets the job of placing obstacles in the course of true love. Although Falco's enthusiasm for the project is not great, he manages rather well. He bribes a rival columnist to print a smear about the guitar-player, saying that he is a dope-addict and Communist. Then all hell breaks loose. These goings-on are all to show that J. J. and Falco are a disgrace to their professions. Since it has already been established, in the film, that the professions are themselves a disgrace, the point gets rather lost. The film, in short, exposes too much and ends up looking like a double-exposure.

JANET WINN



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(*Continued from page 3*)

gan many years ago and was not precipitated by his return in 1956 to the United States. Further, the implication in Mr. Bell's statement that Tsuru has turned his back on the Japanese Left is misleading. If I understand Tsuru correctly, he was and is an independent socialist in very much the same sense that I am.

5. The Japanese Left was critical of Tsuru for adopting what it regarded as an unduly conciliatory attitude towards a Congressional Committee which in the past has shown itself to be the implacable enemy of everything the Left, Japanese or American, stands for. Tsuru's position as a guest of this country was a difficult one, and opinions may differ about the justice of the criticism he has been subjected to in Japan. But Mr. Bell is surely talking nonsense when he says that the Japanese Left reacted as it did "because of its own inner fears that his change of views foreshadowed its own."

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Cambridge, Mass.

. . . *Mr. Bell Replies*

SIRS:

I wrote my letter while traveling, relying for details on memory; apparently on the first points raised by Mr. Sweezy I was at fault. Nor can I discuss the fourth point since my information was second-hand, based on talks with persons who had been at Harvard; I did not mean to imply that Tsuru was no longer a socialist, but that he had retreated from the fellow-traveling position he had held after the war.

But I was in Tokyo during the weeks Mr. Tsuru was attacked in the "left-wing" press, and from observation and questioning of many intellectuals there I can only account for the venom and even slanders on Mr. Tsuru in the terms that I did. There is among many persons in the fellow-traveling and "left-wing" camp—and one can see this in France as well as Japan—a technique of stilling one's doubts about Russia and the Communist Party by talking of the "logic of anti-Communism." The argument is that once one lets go of pro-Communist loyalties, one slides down a chute to end in the cellar of reaction of McCarthyism, or what. This was—*au fond*—behind the attacks levelled at Mr. Tsuru. I think this view is nonsense. One can be an anti-Communist, and be liberal, radical or socialist as well. It was this point, plus the fact that the American press had failed to cover an important story that my initial letter sought to convey.

DANIEL BELL

Celerina, Switzerland

► *The Godless Philosophers*

SIRS:

FOR Messers Anderson and Weisberg: I do not want philosophy to offer a scheme of salvation. On the contrary, it is precisely my complaint that philosophy in the form of logical positivism has degenerated into a scheme of salvation. Like skepticism and Epicureanism in the Hellenistic period, it provides tranquillity, or peace of mind, by arguing that the historic questions of philosophy are meaningless questions. This is when philosophy becomes the Miltown of the Intelligentsia.

When philosophy ceases to be a covert soteriology, when it recovers from the failure of nerve, when it begins again to consider the great historic questions in the tradition, then it will be once more deserving of respect.

ROBERT E. FITCH

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